

The Order of Things

By

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INT. PAT'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A small, middle of the road bar, nothing too fancy, but not a dive either.

Numerous MIDDLE AGED MEN sit at the bar, watching TV and nursing beers. Happy hour in a place like this.

One patron sticks out from the rest of them. MARTY, an early thirties man with a pleasant demeanor about him.

He sits at the end of the bar until PAT, the mid 50's bartender walks up with another beer.

PAT

Here you go, Marty.

MARTY

Thanks, Pat.

Pat takes a step away, but is compelled to come back. He rests his elbows on the bar and looks around, trying to be discrete.

PAT

Hey, Marty, lemme ask you something.

MARTY

You don't need permission, just ask.

PAT

Now, don't take this the wrong way, but what's a guy like you doin' in a place like this on Friday night?

MARTY

What are you talking about? I love this place.

PAT

Yeah, but it ain't exactly a swingin' singles scene, if you catch my drift.

MARTY

I hear ya. Let's just say I'm not into that scene.

Pat shoots Marty a suspicious stare. Marty realizes what his statement sounds like.

MARTY

No, no, not like that. I'm just done with the dating scene.

PAT

You should check out that Club Stardust. Lots of lookers down there from what I hear.

MARTY

Been there, done that. And whatever it is those lookers want, I ain't got. It's the bachelor life for me.

PAT

Ah, don't give up so easy. There's still time for you to find a nice girl and settle down.

MARTY

And give up all this?

Marty gestures at the bar and people around him. It's actually downright depressing.

MARTY

I do what I want, when I want. I wanna walk around the house in my shorts? No problem. Drink orange juice right from the carton? No problem there either. I don't answer to anybody.

PAT

Don't you live with your mother?

MARTY

Yeah, but she's one of those cool moms you hear about. I'm livin' free and easy, Pat. E-Z.

PAT

Alright, suit yourself. Just figured I'd ask.

MARTY

And for that, you're a good friend and fantastic bartender. But I'll just let some other sap drop to his knee for a girl, and there's probably hundreds of 'em out there, doing it right this minute.

Marty takes a big pull from his beer.

PAT

Or at least getting ready to.

He sets the beer down and wipes his face, a big smile on it.

MARTY

Exactly, and it doesn't affect me
in the slightest.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Small and quaint, with about a dozen tables packed inside of a small dining area, the atmosphere is very serene.

A single candle flickers on each table. Dim lighting overhead creates a soft mood.

At a table near the back sits MIKEY, a handsome man in his late twenties.

Across from him is SOFIA, an olive skinned beauty in her mid twenties.

Both are dressed in a semi formal manner. Half eaten desserts are on plates in front of them.

Mikey wipes his mouth with a napkin, places it on his lap.

He reaches for a bottle of red wine on the center of the table, picks it up, and gestures toward Sofia.

MIKEY

More wine?

Sofia raises a suspicious eyebrow.

SOFIA

You trying to get me drunk?

She smiles and Mikey laughs.

MIKEY

Do I need to?

SOFIA

Now, Michael, after all this time I
figured you'd know that's not
necessary.

Mikey nods.

MIKEY

I do.

Sofia picks up her glass.

SOFIA

But I could do with a refill.

Mikey fills her glass and tops his off as well. He sets the bottle down.

MIKEY

You know, it's funny you should mention us being together all this time, cause I got something I'd like to ask you.

Sofia opens her mouth slightly and freezes.

The only movement she makes is a rapidly progressive shake that causes her mouth to open a little more with each one.

Mikey reaches into his pocket.

Tears of joy well up in Sofia's eyes. She knows what's coming.

Mikey pulls out a jewelry box, opening it to expose a diamond engagement ring.

SOFIA

Oh my God!

Sofia wildly shakes her hands and snatches the ring away from him.

She jumps up from her seat and moves to each table in the restaurant. She shouts gibberish as she flaunts the ring at every single patron.

Mikey watches the scene and looks around in slight embarrassment.

She finishes her visit with the last table, standing directly in the center of the restaurant.

She takes the ring from its box and holds it high in the air above her head, like the Statue of Liberty with her torch.

She sings at the top of her lungs.

SOFIA

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Mikey gets up from his seat and goes to Sofia as she jumps up and down like a wild woman.

He places her arms around her and smiles.

MIKEY

I'm not so good with people's body language. Is that a yes?

Sofia quickly nods her head, gives the ring back to Mikey and extends her hand.

Mikey slides the ring on her finger, and places his arm around her.

They survey the scene with bright smiles on their faces.

Everyone in the restaurant stares at them in shocked silence until a BUSBOY politely claps.

The rest of the restaurant joins in soon after.

Mikey leans in close to Sofia.

MIKEY

You've made me a very happy man,
Sofia.

SOFIA

I'm happy too. I can't wait to
tell everyone.

Mikey smiles.

MIKEY

My mom is gonna love this. I'm
sure she's been waiting for this
day for a while.

SOFIA

You think so?

MIKEY

Absolutely. She'll be thrilled to
hear the news.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

At a small table in the center of the room sits MA, mid sixties and wearing a modest flowered dress, and Mikey.

They stare at each other across the table. Mikey with a look of excitement, and Ma with a look of indifference.

Mikey places his hands in front of him.

MIKEY

Well, are you going to say something?

Ma places a hand under her chin.

MIKEY

Anything?

Ma lowers her hand.

MA

(Italian accent)

No.

Mikey looks at her with confusion.

MIKEY

No, you're not going to say anything?

MA

No. You no get married.

Mikey slightly chuckles.

MIKEY

I'm sorry. What?

MA

I say you can't get married.

Mikey chuckles again, this time a little bit harder.

MIKEY

Sorry, Ma, but I wasn't really asking for your permission.

Ma's eyes go wide with shock. She looks to the heavens and crosses herself repeatedly.

MA
 Nel nome del Padre, del Figlio e
 dello Spirito Santo. Nel nome del
 Padre, del Figlio e dello Spirito
 Santo.

Mikey grabs hold of Ma's hand. She stops crossing herself.

MIKEY
 Ma, don't go gettin' all bent out
 of shape on me. Jesus.

Ma flips out even more now and crosses her self with vigor. Mikey refuses to let go and gets taken for a ride. He moves up and down and back and forth with the sign of the cross.

MA
 Nel nome del Padre, del Figlio e
 dello Spirito Santo. Nel nome del
 Padre, del Figlio e dello Spirito
 Santo.

Mikey is pulled along at rapid pace until he stops her.

MIKEY
 Ma. You're making me dizzy.

Mikey let's go. She taps a finger against her temple.

MA
 I think you already dizzy.

MIKEY
 Ma, what's the problem? I thought
 you liked Sofia.

MA
 I do like Sofia.

MIKEY
 So then why are you telling me I
 can't get married?

Ma taps on the table.

MA
 Because it's not your turn.

Ma nods her head once with authority. Mikey sits in silent confusion...

After a moment, he stands and walks part of the way around the table.

MIKEY

I don't understand, Ma. Not my turn?

Ma points to the ceiling.

MA

You brother, Marty. He no married yet.

MIKEY

What's that got to do with me?

MA

He older than you. He should be married first.

MIKEY

Marty's not even dating anybody. How's he gonna get married before me?

Ma waves a disregarding hand.

MA

That's easy. Cause you don't get married until Marty get married.

Mikey stands with his hands at his sides, pleading.

MIKEY

But Ma...Marty...he's just...

MA

Yes?

MIKEY

He's --

The sound of thunderous footsteps accompanied by an incredibly loud burp echoes through the kitchen.

Mikey slowly turns toward the sound.

A moment later, Marty, clothed only in a pair of tightie whities enters.

His hair is a disheveled mess, and he looks like he had about six beers too many the night before.

He says nothing, beelining straight for the fridge. He opens it up, takes out a carton of orange juice, and guzzles straight from the carton.

The juice runs from the corners of his mouth and drips down onto his chest.

He finishes his drink, shakes the now empty container, and sets it down on the counter.

He looks down at his chest, notices the trail of orange juice. He runs his hand over it and licks the orange juice remnants from his palm.

Mikey and Ma both stare.

Marty catches them staring and shrugs his shoulders.

MARTY

What?

Mikey looks to Ma, then back to Marty.

MIKEY

We need to talk. Go put some clothes on.

MARTY

Why do I need to put clothes on to talk?

MIKEY

Cause we're going out to talk.

MARTY

I don't wanna go out. I just got up.

Mikey gets angry.

MIKEY

Marty!

Marty covers his ears.

MARTY

Ow! What are you screaming for?

MIKEY

This is important. Now go get dressed.

MARTY

Look, I just told you I don't wanna go out anywhere. I just got up, I'm hungry--

MIKEY
Hungry. Good. I'll buy you lunch.

MARTY
Are you buying me lunch because you want to, or just to get me to go out with you?

MIKEY
Does it matter?

Marty thinks it over.

MARTY
No, not really.

MIKEY
Okay then. Go get dressed.

Marty crouches down and waves his hands in front of his face like a magician showcasing a trick.

MARTY
Alright!

Marty pops up, exits the kitchen. Mikey looks back to Ma.

MIKEY
You see that, Ma? You really expect that to get married?

Ma picks up a tea cup on the table in front of her. She sits back and slowly sips from it.

Mikey sighs deeply and closes his eyes.

MIKEY
I'm in trouble.

INT. DINER - DAY

Mikey and Marty sit in a booth. Marty rests his arms against the back of it.

Mikey picks up a spoon and nervously twirls it around in his fingers.

MARTY
So, what's so important that you felt the need to drag me out at this ungodly hour?

Mikey looks at his watch.

MIKEY

Dude, it's two o'clock in the afternoon.

Marty's eyes open wide.

MARTY

That's it? Somebody better be dead.

MIKEY

Nice, Marty, really nice.

MARTY

What can I say? I got a big heart.

Marty gently bumps his fist against his chest.

MARTY

So, what's the problem?

MIKEY

Me and Sofia got engaged last night.

Marty smiles and slowly nods.

MARTY

Ah, so it's a different kind of death we're talking about.

Mikey buries his face in his hands.

MIKEY

I'm doomed.

MARTY

Hell, I coulda told you that. You shoulda come and talked to me beforehand. Luckily, you can still call it off.

MIKEY

I don't wanna call it off. I'm doomed for an entirely different reason.

Marty raises an eyebrow.

MARTY

She got a bun in the oven?

MIKEY

No.

Marty shrugs his shoulders.

MARTY

Then you're fine. Nice chatting with you. We should do this more often.

Marty goes to get up from his seat, but Mikey grabs him by the hand.

MIKEY

Where you going?

MARTY

Aren't we done?

MIKEY

No, we're not done. Sit down. I need to ask you something.

MARTY

Ah, don't worry about it. If you wanna go through with this, I'll be your best man. No need to get all mushy on me.

Mikey shakes his head.

MIKEY

That's not what I want to ask you.

MARTY

You don't want me to be your best man? What the hell's up with that?

MIKEY

No...I mean, I do. But that's not what I need to ask you. This is bigger.

MARTY

Bigger?

MIKEY

Much bigger.

Marty reclines in his seat.

MARTY
Alright, shoot.

Mikey taps the spoon against the table. He sighs heavily and speaks softly as he looks at the ground.

MIKEY
I need you to find a girl and get married.

Marty leans in and cups a hand to his ear.

MARTY
Excuse me? Don't think I caught that.

Mikey raises his head and looks Marty square in the eyes.

MIKEY
I need you to find a girl and get married. Like right away.

The two stare at each other for a moment until Marty breaks into hysterical laughter.

He claps his hands and points at Mikey.

MARTY
That's a good one. You almost got me there. Find a girl and get married. Boy, that's rich.

Mikey maintains his stare.

MIKEY
Marty...I'm serious.

Marty stops laughing.

MARTY
Listen, Mikey, you're my brother and I love you, but this is something I just can't do. If you wanna get married, fine, but leave me out of it.

MIKEY
I would if I could, but I can't.

MARTY
And why is that?

MIKEY

Because Ma won't let me.

Marty snaps his fingers in revelation.

MARTY

I knew it. She's been bugging me for years about getting married, and now she's got you in on it too.

MIKEY

No, no, no. It's not like that. I told her me and Sofia got engaged today, and she refused to give me her blessing...

Marty exhales deeply.

MARTY

That's harsh.

Mikey points at Marty.

MIKEY

...because you need to get married first.

Marty stares in shock. Mikey nods.

MIKEY

That's right. You're older, so you have to get married before I do.

Marty smirks.

MARTY

Forget this, man. Let's go talk to Ma and straighten this out.

Mikey looks at Marty with hope.

MIKEY

You think you can?

Marty smiles.

MARTY

Please. I'll lay it down. Let her know what's up.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Ma sits at the table with her arms folded across her chest and a stern look on her face.

Mikey and Marty stare at her in anticipation. Marty musters a half, fake smile.

MA

No!

The sound echoes through the kitchen, causing Mikey and Marty jump back.

Marty points to Mikey.

MARTY

But, Ma, Mikey's got himself a nice girl. He can settle down and start making grandbabies for you. Don't you want grandbabies?

MA

I want you to get married first. It's the right thing to do.

MARTY

Who's gonna marry me, Ma? Look at me. You're gonna make Mikey suffer because of this?

Marty grips his love handles and jiggles them. Mikey covers his mouth.

Marty notices and stops.

MARTY

See? Even he thinks I'm gross, and he's my own brother. Just bless the marriage.

Ma looks away.

MA

No.

MARTY

Ma.

MA

No.

MARTY

Ma.

Ma quickly turns back toward him.

MA

No!

MARTY

Fine! And I take back all those nice things I said about you to Pat!

Marty storms out of the room. Ma turns to Mikey who smiles slightly at her.

MIKEY

So, how you feeling today, Ma?

Ma squints her eyes, looks at Mikey with a piercing stare.

Mikey quickly gets up and exits.

EXT. MA'S HOUSE - DAY

Marty stands on the front porch. He leans against the railing and looks out at the traffic zooming past.

Mikey exits the house and takes a place at the railing next to him. He stares out into traffic and laughs to himself.

MIKEY

Way to lay it down in there.

Marty slowly turns toward Mikey.

MARTY

You know, I figured you would've at least tried to help me out. This is for your benefit after all.

Mikey points toward inside.

MIKEY

Hey, she didn't give you the evil eye.

MARTY

You got the evil eye?

Mikey nods in agreement. Marty presses a finger against his lower eyelid and slightly pulls it down.

MARTY
The evil, evil eye?

MIKEY
Yeah. The evil, evil eye.

MARTY
Whoa.

MIKEY
Yeah, so don't go getting on me
about not helping.

MARTY
Alright, alright.

Mikey turns back toward the street. The two stand in
silence for a moment.

Mikey quickly turns and pats Marty on the back.

MIKEY
So, you ready to go find a wife?

Marty pulls away and moves toward the edge of the porch. He
keeps his back to Mikey.

MARTY
Don't you get it? It's not gonna
happen.

Mikey stuffs his hands in his pockets.

MIKEY
Hey, I know it's a lot to ask of
you, but you know I wouldn't have
even brought it up if Ma wasn't so
serious about it.

Marty sighs.

MARTY
Yeah, she's always serious.

Mikey shrugs his shoulders.

MIKEY
She just wants you to get married,
I guess.

Marty slams his hand against the railing and turns around.

MARTY

And I don't? You think I didn't spend the greater part of my late twenties looking for a wife? Well I did. And you know what, pal? Nobody was interested. Nobody. I'm just a stupid, insignificant man. A zero. And now I'm supposed to go out and find a wife, just like that?

Marty snaps his fingers.

MARTY

Dream on! I'm not about to go through all that heartache again.

They stare each other down. Marty is red with anger. Mikey looks at him with sympathy.

MIKEY

I'm sorry, Marty, I didn't know. I'm not gonna make you do that again. I'll just have to tell Sofia that the engagement's off.

Mikey jogs down the steps and heads off up the street.

Marty watches him walk away, a look of sadness in his eyes.

INT. MIKEY & SOFIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mikey enters the apartment and is greeted by a cheery Sofia, who jumps up from the couch to hug him.

MIKEY

Hey.

Sofia keeps her arms around him and leans back slightly to look up to him.

SOFIA

So, did you tell her?

MIKEY

Yeah, I told her.

They stand in silence for a moment. Sofia releases her embrace and takes a step back.

SOFIA
What's the matter?

Mikey smiles uncomfortably.

MIKEY
Why makes you think something's the matter?

Sofia places her hands on her hips.

SOFIA
I know you, Michael. When you have good news you can't keep quiet. If something's wrong I can't get you to say more than a couple of words. What is it?

Mikey puts his hands in his pockets.

MIKEY
She said no.

Sofia stands confused.

SOFIA
No?

MIKEY
We can't get married.

Sofia folds them across her chest. She shifts her legs to strengthen her stance.

SOFIA
Oh, really? And why is that?

MIKEY
Because Marty's not married. She says he needs to get married first.

SOFIA
And where does that leave you? As a bachelor for the rest of your life? You know as well as I do that he's never gonna get married.

Mikey sheepishly nods in agreement.

MIKEY
I know. He just confirmed it.

SOFIA
Confirmed it?

MIKEY
Yeah. I tried to talk him into helping us, but he didn't want any part of it.

SOFIA
Well, that's just great. What are we supposed to do now?

Mikey shrugs his shoulders.

MIKEY
I don't know. Have you told anybody yet?

Sofia's eyes go wide.

SOFIA
Are you kidding? I told everybody! That's why I didn't go with you, remember?

MIKEY
Oh...yeah. I forgot.

SOFIA
But now I'm starting to think I should have.

MIKEY
I doubt it would have done any good.

Mikey moves over to the couch and sits down. Sofia stands over him.

SOFIA
Oh, you don't think so, huh? Well, if I recall correctly, it was me who talked her into letting us move into together.

Mikey rolls his eyes.

MIKEY
Yeah, cause I never hear anything about that.

SOFIA
I've never heard her say anything.

MIKEY
That's how she operates. She waits until she gets you alone before dropping the "living in sin" angle on you. She's a shifty old lady.

Sofia plops down on the couch next to him.

SOFIA
Well, I guess we're gonna have to do the same thing in regards to our marriage.

Mikey quickly turns toward her.

MIKEY
Oh, no. We can't do that.

SOFIA
Why? It's obviously worked as far as our living arrangements go.

Mikey cocks his head to the side.

MIKEY
Yeah, but this is different. This is a much bigger deal.

SOFIA
You make it sound so dramatic.

MIKEY
It is dramatic. This could kill her. Do you want to be responsible for my mother's death?

Sofia laughs.

SOFIA
Now you're really being dramatic. Listen, if we get married, we're no longer living in sin, right?

Mikey nods.

MIKEY
Right.

SOFIA

So, we'll just be changing out one issue for another. We'll still be on the same level.

Mikey places his hands on top of his head.

MIKEY

I can't do that. I can't.

Sofia stands up, points a menacing finger at Mikey.

SOFIA

Well you better do something, cause I didn't go out and tell all my friends the good news just to have you take it all back.

MIKEY

What am I gonna do?

SOFIA

I don't care, but if Marty needs to get married before you do, he's getting married, and so are we. And it's going to be fun, damnit, fun!

Mikey looks at Sofia in fear as she stares back at him with stone faced anger.

A timer bell rings from the kitchen. She regains her composure.

SOFIA

I made cookies.

She casually exits toward the kitchen.

Mikey still sits, frozen in shock, until a knock at the door jars him alert.

He gets up and answers it. It's Marty.

MARTY

Just don't make me look like an idiot, alright?

Mikey lights up with excitement.

MIKEY

You're gonna do it?

MARTY

Once you started dropping all that nonsense about calling the engagement off on me, I figured I had to at least try. Hopefully that'll be good enough for Ma, and she'll let you slide.

Mikey smiles.

MIKEY

Oh, this is great, Marty. You have no idea how much this is gonna help.

Mikey motions Marty inside.

MARTY

I know. It's the only reason I'm even trying.

Marty sniffs the air.

MARTY

Do I smell cookies?

MIKEY

You want some? Here have a seat.

Mikey gestures for Marty to sit down.

MIKEY

Sofia! Come here! Bring the cookies!

Sofia enters holding a cookie sheet of cookies.

SOFIA

What are you shouting for? Oh, hey Marty.

MARTY

Sofia.

Mikey walks to Sofia.

MIKEY

Marty's gonna help.

Sofia smiles.

SOFIA

Really?

She looks to Marty on the couch. He nods.

MARTY

I thought about it a bit, and since I don't want to be the one responsible for screwing up your lives, I'll give it a shot.

SOFIA

That's great!

After a moment, Sofia's look of cheer disappears. She looks at Mikey with confusion.

SOFIA

But how?

MIKEY

He's gonna get married, just like Ma said.

SOFIA

Just like that, huh?

Mikey raises an eyebrow in confusion.

MIKEY

What's wrong with you? I thought you'd be happy.

SOFIA

I am, but it's not like he can just go out and buy a wife.

MARTY

Actually, I can. I found a website that specializes in that sort of thing. Eastern European women.

Mikey smiles.

MIKEY

See? This'll be over in no time.

Marty gets up.

MARTY

Hold on a second. Just because I can, doesn't mean I want to. I'd like to see if I could get a woman to like me for who I am first.

Sofia covers her face with her hand.

Mikey looks at Marty, who smiles back at him.

MIKEY

I don't think we have that kind of time.

MARTY

Wow, that's hilarious. You think that one up all by yourself?

MIKEY

Relax. I'm just kidding.

MARTY

Good. So, now that that's settled, let's go find me a wife.

Mikey claps his hands in excitement and heads to the door.

He flings it open, steps out, and turns back to see Marty shoving handfuls of cookies into his pockets.

Sofia looks at Mikey with pure worry on her face.

Marty finishes loading up and heads to the door. He stops in front of Mikey.

MARTY

For the road. You want one?

Marty offers Mikey a cookie. He declines.

Marty shrugs his shoulders and continues on down the hall.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mikey and Marty walk along. Mikey is in deep thought, while Marty eats the occasional cookie from his pocket.

MARTY

Where we going?

MIKEY

I'm not sure yet. Just trying to think things over.

MARTY

Figure anything out?

MIKEY

Yeah, I think so. I think the best thing to do is see what we're working with.

Marty stops. Mikey follows suit.

MARTY

What do you mean? This is what we're working with...

Marty gestures toward himself.

MARTY

...I got nothing else. And don't think for a second I'm letting you take me out on the town for some bizarre, Pretty Woman makeover.

MIKEY

I'm not talking about how you look. I'm talking about your game.

MARTY

You mean how I talk to women?

MIKEY

Exactly.

MARTY

Never really thought about it, I guess. I just talk to them.

MIKEY

Well, start thinking about it. You need something good so you can seal the deal right off.

Marty takes a bite of his cookie.

MARTY

Okay, I'll think about it.

Mikey looks up the street. A beautiful WOMAN, mid thirties, looks in a shop window display.

MIKEY

Time's up. Let's try it out.

MARTY

What are you talking about? I just started thinking about it.

MIKEY

You need to strike while the idea's
still fresh in your head.

MARTY

What idea? I don't have one!

MIKEY

Fine. Just wing it. Her.

Mikey nudges Marty toward the woman. He gets a good look at her and freezes.

MARTY

Her? No way.

MIKEY

What's wrong? Don't you think
she's cute?

MARTY

Cute? She's hot!

MIKEY

Then what's the problem?

MARTY

That is the problem. She's too
good looking. I'm not ready for
that yet. I gotta build up to it.

MIKEY

Don't be silly. Go. And make it
good. Seal the deal.

With another nudge, Marty is on his way toward the woman.

He moves slowly, sweat forming on his brow. Nervousness
evident on his face.

He wipes the sweat from his brow, leaving a small mark of
chocolate on his forehead.

The woman catches a glimpse of his advance from the corner
of her eye. She quickly looks away. Maybe he didn't see.

Marty reaches the window and stands just a few feet from
her. He does nothing but stare.

The woman's glance shifts back and forth between Marty and
the window. He's freaking her out.

Mikey moves to a newspaper machine to watch the scene.

She turns, a suspicious look on her face.

WOMAN
Can I help you?

Without any thought at all, Marty blurts it out.

MARTY
My mom has cancer.

Mikey covers his face. The woman is taken aback.

WOMAN
I...I'm sorry to hear that.

MARTY
She has cancer and she wants me to
get married before she dies.

WOMAN
Why are you telling me this?

MARTY
Would you marry me before my mom
dies? It'd mean everything to her.

WOMAN
You don't even know me.

MARTY
No, but you're hot and have nice
jugs. We can fill in all the other
trivial details later.

The woman opens her mouth in shock before leaving the scene. Marty stands oblivious as Mikey walks over.

MARTY
How'd I do?

MIKEY
The test was a success.

Marty smiles.

MARTY
Really?

MIKEY
Really. I know exactly how much
game you possess.

MARTY

How much?

MIKEY

None! Absolutely none. Cancer?

MARTY

Hey, I was trying to play the sympathy card. I thought it'd be a good angle.

Mikey grabs Marty by the arm and pulls him up the street.

MIKEY

No, that's pretty damn terrible, Marty. Why on earth would you say Ma has cancer?

MARTY

I just told you. Sympathy. Aren't you listening to anything I'm telling you?

MIKEY

Seriously, I can't believe what I just witnessed.

MARTY

Look, I don't exactly have what one would call a silver tongue, alright? It's more like bronze. Maybe even brass. I clam up when I talk to girls. I never know what to say.

MIKEY

You just need to be yourself.

MARTY

I try, but everything seems forced all the time. Am I wearing the right shirt? Does my hair look okay? What should I talk about? It's all a swirling mess.

Marty swirls his hands around his head.

Mikey, frustrated, thinks for a moment.

MIKEY

Alright, normal methods aren't going to get it done. Not like your approach was anything

MIKEY
resembling normal, but still, we
need to think bigger.

MARTY
What are you thinking?

Mikey looks around, unsure. Then he sees it.

MIKEY
That!

Mikey points across the street to a bus stop bench.

On it is a picture of LARRY, an early thirties man who wears
a large, fortune teller type turban.

The text reads: "GET THE HOOK UP AT DREAM DATES! CALL LARRY
AT 555-MACK TODAY!"

MARTY
You've got to be kidding me.

MIKEY
No, now c'mon. And for the love of
God, wipe that chocolate off your
forehead. You look like Gorbachev.

Marty catches his reflection in the shop window.

MARTY
Aww, man. No wonder she ran away.

MIKEY
Yeah, I'm sure that's exactly why.

Marty wipes the chocolate from his forehead.

EXT. DREAM DATES - DAY

A small commercial office, located in a strip mall.

Mikey and Marty look up at the Dream Dates sign, another
picture of Larry featured on it.

MARTY
You can't be serious.

MIKEY
You got a better idea?

MARTY

Anything's gotta be better than
this guy. Look at him.

Mikey studies the sign. Marty's right.

Larry isn't what you would call attractive, and the picture
looking like it caught Larry by surprise when it was taken
makes it clearer.

MIKEY

Let's just see what he has to say.

MARTY

How 'bout we don't?

Larry exits from the office holding the door for ZOE, a
petite, early thirties woman, best described as being
non-traditionally pretty.

She catches Marty's eye. There's just something fascinating
about the way she carries herself.

LARRY

Okay, Zoe. You take care, and be
sure and tell Tim I said hi. I'm
sure he's a winner!

Zoe smiles and passes by Marty and Mikey as she leaves.

She gives Marty a shy smile.

ZOE

Hello.

MARTY

Howdy.

He checks her out as she walks away. Mikey moves in close
to him.

MIKEY

Howdy?

MARTY

What? It's a perfectly acceptable
greeting.

MIKEY

Yeah, if you're a cowboy, but it
least it's better than the cancer
spiel.

Larry spots the two men and waves them inside.

LARRY
Gentlemen! Please, come in. You
won't find love standing around out
there, I can guarantee you that.

MARTY
We've been spotted.

MIKEY
It's a sign. Let's go.

Mikey enters the office, stands in the doorway. Larry holds
the door open for Marty, who is still unsure.

LARRY
Today is the first day of the rest
of your life.

Mikey flashes a thumbs up.

MARTY
Yeah, that makes sense.

Marty sulks into the office.

INT. DREAM DATES - DAY

Mikey and Marty sit at a desk across from Larry, who
shuffles around underneath it for a moment.

He pops up, the giant turban from the photos now on his
head. He smiles a wide, cheesy smile.

LARRY
What can I do for you gentleman?

MARTY
Could you take the hat off please?

LARRY
You don't like it?

MARTY
It's kinda weird.

LARRY
Your comfort is my top priority.

Larry removes the hat, stashes it under the desk.

LARRY

Now, what can I do for you?

MIKEY

We're looking for a wife.

LARRY

I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't do that.

MIKEY

What? Why not?

LARRY

It's against the law. Don't you know what bigamy is? Only one spouse per person.

MIKEY

Not a wife for both of us. We're both looking for a wife for my brother.

Mikey gestures to Marty. Larry gives him a once over.

LARRY

Have you tried the internet? They have sites that specialize in that sort of thing, you know. Usually Eastern European Women.

MARTY

Okay, that's it.

Marty goes to get up, but Mikey stops him.

LARRY

Okay, okay. I take it you know about the internet already.

MARTY

No, please, do fill me in on this wonderful thing you refer to as "the internet".

Marty accentuates with finger quotes.

LARRY

Well, you see, there are some who refer to it as a series of tubes, but it's really much more than that. It's--

MARTY

Stop. My sarcasm is lost on you. Just get to the point.

LARRY

My point is, I don't normally get these kinds of requests. We specialize in dating.

MIKEY

Yeah, we know, but dating isn't going to get it done. He needs a wife.

LARRY

Okay, okay. I'm not saying I can't help you, I just wanted to throw that out there. I'll have you know that ninety seven percent of the people who've used my service have gotten married...

Mikey and Marty share a look, impressed.

LARRY

...And some of them even married people they met through here.

MARTY

Are you a crackpot? Is that your problem?

LARRY

My statistics don't lie.

Marty looks to Mikey.

MARTY

How is this helping us?

LARRY

Okay, you're not into statistics. I can dig it. You want results.

Larry opens a small metal box on his desk. He flips through numerous index cards until he finds what he wants.

He pulls out the index card and hands it to Marty.

LARRY

Look that over. Tell me what you think.

Marty reads from the index card.

MARTY

Single white female, twenty seven,
highly religious, seeks single
white male, twenty five to thirty
five. That's it?

LARRY

If I'm correct in my assumption,
you meet the criteria.

MARTY

A single white male, age twenty
five to thirty five?

LARRY

Precisely.

MARTY

Yeah, me and about two million
other guys in the city.

LARRY

But that's just it. Those other
men don't have that card. That's
only something I can provide.

MARTY

Can you provide a picture?

LARRY

No can do. Our system relies on
compatibility over appearance.

MIKEY

So, personality is key.

MARTY

Or being a twenty five to thirty
five year old white guy.

LARRY

Precisely. Ultimately, it's what's
on the inside that counts,
especially in your case. If you're
looking to get married and spend
the next forty to fifty years of
your life with someone, there's got
to be more to it than whether
they're good looking or not.

MIKEY

Sounds good. Set it up.

LARRY

Can do, and just so you know, I don't get paid until a successful match is made.

MARTY

Works for me.

LARRY

Good, good. Now, if you'll just go ahead and fill out one of these cards, I'll set something up for you and Raven tonight.

Larry sets an index card on the desk in front of Marty.

Mikey and Marty look at each other.

MIKEY

Raven?

MARTY

Raven?

EXT. RAVEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marty stands at the door with a dozen roses in hand. He's cleaned up his appearance.

The door opens and he's met by RAVEN, a pale, late twenties woman with jet black hair, fingernails, and lipstick that match her jet black dress.

Marty raises a curious eyebrow.

MARTY

Raven?

RAVEN

I am Raven.

Marty hands her the roses.

MARTY

These are for you.

RAVEN

Thank you. Red is my second favorite color.

MARTY
What's your favorite?

RAVEN
Black.

MARTY
Shoulda caught that.

RAVEN
Please, come in.

Raven steps aside to invite Marty in. He enters.

INT. RAVEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Decorated in tons of black and red velvet. The only light comes from numerous candles strewn about the room.

Marty surveys the scene and it's downright weird.

Raven places the roses on the table and takes a seat on the couch. She gestures for Marty join her.

RAVEN
Please. Sit with me.

Marty saunters over and takes a seat, as far away from Raven as possible.

She fills the gap, sliding over to be right next to him.

RAVEN
Tell me who you are.

MARTY
I'm sorry?

RAVEN
Tell me who you are. I want to know about you.

MARTY
Uh, well, my name's Marty, I'm thir--

RAVEN
No, no, no. Not your human form. I want to know about you in spirit form. Your essence.

MARTY

My essence? Oh, that's easy. It's Old Spice.

Marty emits a nervous chuckle. Raven doesn't reciprocate.

MARTY

I'm sorry, but I don't think I understand.

RAVEN

Do you believe in immortality?

MARTY

You mean, like, not dying?

RAVEN

Indeed.

MARTY

Can't say I do.

RAVEN

Oh? Why not?

MARTY

Cause I know too many people that have died.

RAVEN

Or so you believe. It's all a matter of perception.

MARTY

I've been told I'm not too perceptive.

RAVEN

I can change that you know.

Marty is intrigued.

MARTY

How so?

RAVEN

I can take you as my lover. I can open your eyes to another dimension of ecstasy and perception. Give me your hand.

Marty slowly extends his hand. Raven takes it.

RAVEN
Prepare to be awakened.

Raven opens her mouth and exposes a pair of vampire teeth, ready to sink them into Marty's wrist.

Marty yanks his arm back.

MARTY
Whoa! Whoa! Vampire! Vampire!

Marty jumps up.

Raven stays on the couch, cool as a cucumber.

RAVEN
You need not be afraid.

MARTY
Later, Elvira.

Marty bolts from the apartment.

RAVEN
They mock what they do not understand.

Raven crosses her legs and focuses straight ahead. Her eyes roll back into her head and flutter.

INT. MIKEY & SOFIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mikey and Sofia watch TV and share popcorn.

There's a knock at the door.

MIKEY
Come in.

Marty enters the apartment and shuts the door. He breathes heavily and looks through the peephole.

Mikey and Sofia get up from the couch.

MIKEY
What's going on?

Marty turns back.

MARTY
Had to make sure I wasn't followed.

Mikey glances at his watch.

MIKEY

Why aren't you out on your date?

MARTY

Let's just say she wasn't exactly my type.

Sofia is frustrated.

SOFIA

Marty, you and I both know that this isn't the time to be getting picky. This is important.

MARTY

Hey, I'm perfectly willing to overlook the fact that a girl has a crooked nose or a lazy eye, but this? This is too much.

MIKEY

What was it?

MARTY

She was a vampire!

SOFIA

Oh, whatever. You didn't even go on the date, did you?

MARTY

No, I did. I went there, and I gave her the roses just like you said. She invited me in, I sat down, and she started saying all this really weird stuff about death and perception.

MIKEY

Yeah, I'd say that's weird.

SOFIA

Just because she's weird doesn't mean she's a vampire.

MARTY

She tried to bite me! With her teeth!

Marty holds two fingers in front of his mouth like fangs.

MARTY

I didn't sign up for this. I'm not Van Helsing.

SOFIA

Okay, Marty, let's just relax. So you had a bad date. It's not the end of the world.

MARTY

No, but it is the end of this little game. I'm not going on a date ever again.

SOFIA

What?

MARTY

Ever. It's too dangerous out there.

MIKEY

Look, I totally understand where you're coming from, but you can't give up on me--

SOFIA

Us.

MIKEY

Us. We'll find you somebody.

MARTY

Oh, and can you guarantee that they're not a creature of the night too?

MIKEY

C'mon, now you're just being ridiculous. You know not all women are vampires. Does Sofia look like a vampire?

Marty looks at Sofia, who stares at him with a raised eyebrow. She looks quite menacing, vampish.

MARTY

I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that you intend to incriminate me.

Sofia throws up her hands.

SOFIA

That's it, I'm going to the club.

Sofia walks to the bedroom and emerges a split second later, dressed to the nines and looking fabulous.

She walks out the door without so much as a wave.

MIKEY

Great. You made her go to the club.

MARTY

You're worried about the club? Did you just see how fast she changed? If that's not a vampire, I don't know what is.

MIKEY

Alright, enough with the vampire stuff already. We need to go.

MARTY

Where?

MIKEY

To the club.

MARTY

I don't wanna go to the club.

MIKEY

I don't wanna go to the club either, but we don't have a choice.

MARTY

Sure we do. We either go to the club or we don't.

MIKEY

If I don't show up at that club I'll never hear the end of it. Let me get changed and we're going.

MARTY

Alright, fine, but I need to make a stop first.

MIKEY

Where?

MARTY
Home. I have to do something.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Marty rests on his knees while Ma stands over him and douses him with holy water.

Mikey watches the scene from the corner, rolls his eyes.

MA
There. The vampires will no bother you anymore.

Marty crosses himself and stands.

MARTY
Thanks, Ma.

MIKEY
Can we go now? We should've been there half an hour ago.

MARTY
Yeah, sure. We can go. Thanks again, Ma.

MA
You go. Find a wife.

MARTY
Ma, about this wife thing. Can't you jus--

Ma gives him the evil eye. The evil, evil eye.

MA
Wife.

Marty backs up and out of the apartment, too afraid to continue his plea. Mikey is right behind.

INT. CLUB STARDUST - NIGHT

An upscale club with hip clientèle, this place is crawling with singles looking for a date.

People bump and grind on the dance floor, while others stand at high tables, chatting in between sips of their martinis.

Mikey and Marty stand at the door. Mikey searches the club, while Marty gives the place a lax once over.

MARTY
I don't like this place.

MIKEY
What's wrong with it?

MARTY
All that stuff I told you about
feeling like a nothing? Most of it
happened here.

MIKEY
Alright, let's just get Sofia and
get the hell out of here.

Mikey continues to scan the area.

MARTY
I don't think it's gonna be that
easy.

This gets Mikey's attention. Marty nods toward the dance floor, where Sofia is busy dancing the night away.

Next to her is MARIA, another mid twenties olive skinned beauty, cut from the same cloth as Sofia.

MIKEY
I'll be back in a minute.

MARTY
Forget it. Take your time. If you
need me, I'll be at the bar getting
horribly drunk.

MIKEY
You sure?

MARTY
Positive.

Marty heads off toward the bar, Mikey to Sofia at the dance floor.

INT. CLUB STARDUST, BAR - NIGHT

Marty slides up to an open spot at the bar. A BARTENDER walks up.

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

Marty gestures toward the general bar area in front of him.

MARTY

This area, right here. Just fill
it with drinks. I don't care what.

The bartender nods as Marty turns his attention back to the dance floor.

He spots Mikey dancing with Sofia and Maria, sort of.

All he's doing is acting like he's picking up a box and putting it on a shelf over his head.

MARTY

Stock boy. Classic.

Marty turns back toward the bar, a Bloody Mary now placed in front of him.

He looks back to Mikey, who flashes a smile and thumbs up.

MARTY

Oh, that's funny. Bloody
Mary. Real good, Mikey. Just rub
in that vampire thing.

Marty turns back. He takes a big swig of the Bloody Mary.

His eyes go wide, something isn't right.

He sets the glass down, breathing heavily.

MARTY

Hot. Hot. Hot!

Marty fans at his tongue. The bartender walks up.

MARTY

What the hell is wrong with
you? You trying to kill me?

BARTENDER

That's what you get for drinking
other people's drinks.

The bartender nods at the seat next to Marty.

Marty glances over, and spots Zoe, looking at him with a sheepish smile on her face.

ZOE

Sorry, I like them spicy.

MARTY
Spicy? I think I got hemorrhoids
from drinking that.

ZOE
I'll admit it takes a little
getting used to.

MARTY
I'll bet.

Marty takes a closer look at her.

MARTY
Do I know you?

ZOE
No, but we've seen each other
before. Today, actually. I'm Zoe.

MARTY
Marty.

Marty recognizes her.

MARTY
Right. Outside the dating
place. So how are things going
with Tim?

ZOE
You know his name? I'm impressed.

MARTY
Kinda hard to miss it with Larry
shouting at you from the doorway.

ZOE
I'll bet. To answer your question,
not so good.

MARTY
Really? What's wrong?

Zoe gestures toward the bathroom.

ZOE
He went to the bathroom about forty
five minutes ago, which leads me to
believe that A, he's got explosive
diarrhea, B, he fell in, or C, he
skipped out on me.

MARTY
Did you just say explosive
diarrhea?

ZOE
Yeah.

MARTY
I have to buy you a drink.

ZOE
Is that some kind of personal
guideline?

Marty thinks it over.

MARTY
Yeah, I suppose it is.

He smiles and gestures toward the bartender.

MARTY
Hey, lemme get another one of these
ball burners for the lady, and a
beer for me.

The bartender looks up from the massive amount of drinks
he's prepared.

BARTENDER
What about all these?

Marty looks at the other people near the bar.

MARTY
Hey, who wants a drink?

The people raise their hands, making Marty a popular fellow
as the bartender passes out the drinks.

Marty looks to Zoe and offers a sly wink. She smiles.

INT. CLUB STARDUST - NIGHT - LATER

Marty and Zoe have since adjourned to a small table in a
quieter area of the club.

MARTY
So, I'm sitting there, taking this
guy's order, and he's all like
"I'll have a taco, with minimal
lettuce".

ZOE
Minimal? He actually said that?

MARTY
I know, right? So, being the smartass high school kid I was, I says "I'm sorry, sir, but all we have is iceberg".

Zoe laughs.

ZOE
I probably would have done the same thing.

MARTY
I'm just glad you got the joke. Most times I tell it, people look at me like I've got a monkey on my face.

ZOE
What's not to get?

MARTY
Depends on who you talk to. Some people need the word "minimal" explained to them.

ZOE
Wow. Can't say I envy you.

Marty scans the area.

MARTY
I hope your date's alright.

ZOE
My date?

MARTY
Yeah, you know...Tim.

ZOE
Uh...Tim's gone, Marty.

Marty's confused.

MARTY
I thought you said he went to the bathroom?

ZOE

He said he was going to the bathroom. I think he decided to duck out without saying anything.

MARTY

Oh, c'mon. You're telling me somebody decided to ditch you? Please. People like you don't get ditched.

ZOE

Oh, really? Then what kind of people get ditched?

MARTY

I get ditched.

Zoe scoots in a bit, intrigued.

ZOE

Okay, shoot. Your absolute worst ditching. I'll even let you go into the being stood up arsenal.

MARTY

That won't be necessary. Everyone knows being ditched is worse than being stood up.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE

You know your stuff.

MARTY

Yeah, I'm a real professor of pain.

ZOE

Now, stop stalling.

MARTY

Okay, okay.

Marty thinks for a moment. Eureka!

MARTY

I got it. Right here, in this very club, I was out on a date with a girl. Things were going good, at least I thought they were, and then it happened...

ZOE

What? What happened?

MARTY

...she needed me to give her the definition of minimal.

Marty sits with a straight face, but can't hold it. A hearty laugh reveals his joke.

ZOE

Very funny. What was it, really?

MARTY

Underwear model.

ZOE

What?

MARTY

No kidding. This guy came up, said nothing more than "Do you know who I am?", and with that, she was gone.

Marty blows on his hand like a puff of smoke disintegrating into thin air.

ZOE

An underwear model? That's the best you got?

MARTY

On short notice, yeah. What about you? What's your claim to fame?

ZOE

That's easy. Two years ago, at a football game, I'm out with this guy at a tailgate party. We're having a good time, getting along, the whole bit...

MARTY

Sure.

ZOE

Then he says he needs to go get the tickets, and he'll be back. Guess what happened?

MARTY

He didn't come back?

ZOE

Correct-o-mundo. I waited in that parking lot like an idiot for two hours until I eventually gave in and took the bus home.

MARTY

You sure he ditched you? He wasn't killed by a gang of hobos on the way to the ticket booth or something?

ZOE

Unfortunately, no. I saw him in a coffee shop about two weeks later with a girl that looked like she graduated high school that morning.

MARTY

Ouch.

ZOE

So yeah, that's my dating existence in a nutshell.

Marty waves a disregarding hand.

MARTY

Well, those guys are stupid. Look at us, we're sitting here having a good time, right? They're all just missing out.

ZOE

I tell myself that all the time.

MARTY

And you should, cause it's true.

Zoe and Marty share a smile.

Marty catches something out of the corner of his eye, and he doesn't like it.

A full turn to look confirms what he thought he saw.

Larry leans against a wall, sips from a fruity drink, and looks like a complete doofus.

Marty fumes at the sight of him. Zoe notices.

ZOE
Something the matter?

Marty snaps to.

MARTY
What?

ZOE
I said is something the matter.

MARTY
No. What makes you think that?

ZOE
I saw you looking over there with a
not so pleasant look on your
face. Just thought I'd ask.

MARTY
No, no, no. I'm fine.

Marty looks over again.

ZOE
Are you sure?

MARTY
I'll be right back, okay?

Marty takes off without waiting for a response.

Zoe watches him for a moment, but loses him in the crowd.

She scans the bar area, suddenly looking like she feels out
of place. She twirls the straw in her drink.

INT. CLUB STARDUST - NIGHT

Larry still stands at the wall, bopping his head out of sync
with the music.

He spots Marty's advance and offers a quick smile.

The smile fades when Marty doesn't reciprocate.

Larry tries to shuffle off, but stops when Marty plants his
hand on the wall next to him.

Larry smiles uneasily, turning toward Marty.

LARRY

Uh, hey buddy? How are things?

MARTY

Oh, I think you know how things are.

LARRY

Well, if we're throwing out theories, I bet you're having a grand old time. That Raven seems like a real wildcat.

Larry winks like a creep.

MARTY

Yeah, I wouldn't know about that. You see, our date only lasted about two minutes.

Larry is shocked.

LARRY

Two minutes? Now, that's just being pessimistic. You've got to give it a little bit longer before you decide you're not compatible.

MARTY

She tried to bite me!

LARRY

Wow, that's kinky.

MARTY

No, that's freaky.

LARRY

Same difference.

MARTY

No, you don't understand. This isn't one of those things where a girl nuzzles up to your earlobe and gives it a playful nibble. She was out for blood.

Larry can't believe it.

LARRY

Wow. Definitely not what I'd expect from a girl who describes herself as highly religious.

MARTY

Well, if you take into account that she worships at the church of Beelzebub, it makes perfect sense!

Marty takes a deep breath to calm himself.

LARRY

Okay, just take it easy, big guy.

Larry pats him on the back.

MARTY

Please don't touch me.

LARRY

I'll make it up to you. It's like they say. Plenty of fish in the sea, right?

MARTY

Yeah, and you managed to set me up with a piranha right out of the gate.

LARRY

So we go back to the drawing board. Stop by the office tomorrow. I'm sure I'll have a couple of choice picks for you.

MARTY

Don't bother. Setting me up with that psycho may have been the biggest favor you could have done for me. See you around.

LARRY

No, wait. We can fix this. I can fix this. Just trust me.

Marty turns and walks away, ignoring Larry's pleas.

LARRY

I'm gonna fix this, Marty. You just wait!

INT. CLUB STARDUST - NIGHT - LATER

Marty is back at the table, but Zoe is nowhere in sight.

He scans the bar. No sign of her, but he sees Mikey, Sofia, and Maria coming toward him.

All three are sweaty from their dancing marathon.

MIKEY

Hey, Marty. Got someone I'd like you to meet.

Maria steps to the front.

Marty takes her in from top to toe. She's stunning, and flashes a million dollar smile.

MIKEY

This is Maria. She's a friend of Sofia's. Said she's been wanting to meet you.

Marty is flabbergasted. Maria extends her hand.

MARIA

Hi, Marty. It's nice to meet you. Sofia's told me a lot about you.

Marty, in a stupor, extends his hand.

MARTY

Hi.

MIKEY

Where have you been, man? I've been looking for you for awhile.

Marty doesn't take his eyes off Maria.

MARTY

I was here.

SOFIA

By yourself?

Marty snaps out of it.

MARTY

No, I was talking to someone. A girl I met at the bar.

Maria and Sofia exchange a glance.

MIKEY

A girl? That's great.

MARTY

Yeah, it was. I just don't know where she went.

MARIA

She say she was going to the bathroom?

MARTY

No. I got up for a minute, and when I came back she was gone.

Sofia and Maria exchange another glance.

MARIA

Ditched.

SOFIA

Ditched.

MARTY

What? No. She didn't ditch me. She's not like that.

MARIA

Well, she's not here now, is she?

Maria gestures toward the immediate area.

MARTY

Obviously.

MARIA

Then I'd say you got ditched.

Marty goes glum. Maybe she's right.

Maria extends an arm to him.

MARIA

Luckily, I'm here to make all that go away.

Marty takes her arm and the two proceed out of the club.

Mikey looks to Sofia, somewhat in shock.

Sofia can only shrug in response.

MIKEY

What's going on here?

SOFIA

She said she's seen Marty around the neighborhood and wanted to meet him. That's all I know.

MIKEY

Really? She really said that?

SOFIA

You're complaining?

MIKEY

Well, no, I'm not complaining. It's just, you don't see girls like that picking up guys like Marty. Ever.

SOFIA

You wanna discuss this now, or maybe go catch up to them?

Mikey thinks for a moment.

MIKEY

Let's go with the catch up. Just let me use the bathroom first.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Marty and Maria walk along in silence.

Marty still gives off an uncomfortable vibe. Maria notices.

MARIA

What's the matter?

MARTY

Nothing. Why?

MARIA

You're not saying anything.

MARTY

Sorry. Guess, I don't really know what to say.

MARIA

Just say anything. It's better than walking along in silence.

MARTY

Alright.

More silence. Maria gets a little frustrated.

MARIA

Well?

MARTY

You said Sofia's told you a lot about me. What did she say?

MARIA

She said you were a nice guy.

Marty waits for more, but it never comes.

MARTY

That's it?

MARIA

No, but I can't fill you in on everything. There's a girl code, you know.

MARTY

I see.

MARIA

But, trust me, I know a whole lot more than that.

Maria smiles seductively. Marty doesn't know how to react.

A few more steps, then an awkward shuffle from Maria.

She stops and looks down. The heel of her shoe has cracked clean off.

She bends over to pick up the heel and takes off her shoe.

Exasperated, she tries to piece them together.

MARTY

That doesn't look good.

MARIA

No, it's not.

MARTY

I could break off the other heel if you'd like. You know, make a matching set.

Marty chuckles at his joke. Maria doesn't find it funny.

MARIA

And ruin my other shoe? What's wrong with you? Don't you know anything about fashion?

Marty looks at his appearance, then back to Maria.

MARTY

Do I look like I know anything about fashion?

Maria regains her composure.

MARIA

I'm sorry. I'm just aggravated because they're brand new.

Maria reaches into her purse for a piece of paper and a pen. She writes on the paper.

MARIA

Look, I need to go home, but you give me a call sometime, alright?

Maria hands the paper to Marty. He glances at it.

MARTY

Sure.

MARIA

Okay, I'll see ya.

MARTY

Bye.

Maria hobbles off down the street.

Marty looks at the paper one more time before he shoves it in his pocket.

MIKEY (O.S.)

Hey, Marty!

Marty turns toward the shout to see Mikey and Sofia standing at the corner.

Marty offers a wave.

Mikey and Sofia walk up to greet him.

SOFIA
Where's Maria?

MARTY
Flat tire. Had to go.

SOFIA
She doesn't have a car.

MARTY
No. A shoe. She blew out a
shoe. Flat tire.

MIKEY
Well that sucks. What are we gonna
do now?

MARTY
I'm going home.

Mikey looks at his watch.

MIKEY
Home? It's early.

MARTY
It's one in the morning.

MIKEY
That's early!

MARTY
No, that's a pretty full night if
you ask me.

MIKEY
I'm just getting started. Gotta
make up for the time Sofia and
Maria spent in the bathroom.

MARTY
Well, look here. Mister "I don't
want to go to the club" finally
comes around.

Sofia gives Mikey a shocked look.

SOFIA
You didn't want to go to the club?

Mikey stumbles, then points to Marty.

MIKEY

He didn't want to go either.

SOFIA

He doesn't have a wife to chase after either.

MARTY

Technically, neither does he. Otherwise we wouldn't be in this mess.

SOFIA

But he will soon, and so will you. I sense good things for you and Maria.

MARTY

I just met her.

SOFIA

Trust me. I know her. She likes you. She'll marry you.

Her wide-eyed, off-putting stare goes right through Marty.

MARTY

Great, I'll start working on my engagement plan. In the meantime, I'll see you guys later.

Marty goes to walk away. Sofia stops him.

SOFIA

Did you at least get her number?

MARTY

Yeah, I got it.

Marty flashes the paper.

SOFIA

Good. You be sure and call her. She's a nice girl. Exactly what you're looking for.

Sofia winks in a not so subtle fashion. Marty's put off.

MARTY

Okay.

MIKEY

We'll see ya.

MARTY

Bye.

They head off in opposite directions. Marty shoves his hands in his pockets and takes in the scene around him.

He spots a YOUNG COUPLE at a bus stop across the street. They sit close to one another, talking like there's not another person in the world.

He takes it in as he continues on. He's envious to a point.

He turns his attention back to the sidewalk, catching a lighted restaurant sign up ahead.

MARTY

Nice.

He approaches the restaurant and peeks in the window. It's not overly crowded, but one patron catches his eye.

It's Zoe, who sits and sips from a cup of coffee.

Marty can't believe his eyes. He rushes into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Marty makes his way to Zoe's table and takes a seat across from her.

The sudden plop catches her off guard, but she lightens up when she sees him.

ZOE

What are you doing here?

MARTY

What am I doing here? I should be asking you that.

ZOE

What are you talking about? I'm having a cup of coffee.

MARTY

You ditched me for a cup of coffee?

Zoe's confused.

ZOE
Ditched you? I didn't ditch
you. You ditched me.

MARTY
I went away for two minutes and
when I came back you were gone.

ZOE
I was gone because you left!

MARTY
I had to go! I saw the guy who set
me up on a horrible date tonight
and had to give him a piece of my
mind.

Zoe thinks it over.

ZOE
Larry?

MARTY
Yeah, that guy, but I came right
back after I told him off.

ZOE
You told him off?

MARTY
Yeah. He was going on and on about
setting me up with somebody else,
but I told him not to bother.

A brief silence.

ZOE
Why?

MARTY
Because I met somebody cool
tonight. Somebody I'd like to get
to know a little better.

Another silence.

ZOE
Who?

MARTY
You! I enjoyed talking to you, and
I was really hoping to continue
that until you left.

Zoe realizes her error.

ZOE

I'm sorry, really, I am. It's just, I get ditched all the time, so I've pretty much come to expect it anymore.

MARTY

But, I'm not like that.

ZOE

I know. It's just, a habit with me. Kind of hard to break.

MARTY

Trust me, I know. But I really do like you, Zoe. Just sitting there, realizing you were gone after I left, brought back a lot of stuff I'd long forgotten.

Marty sits in silence. Zoe sees his sincerity.

ZOE

I'm sorry, Marty. I like you too. I'll do what I can to drop my guard, okay?

Marty smiles.

MARTY

I can live with that.

ZOE

Good.

Zoe takes a sip from her coffee.

MARTY

Would you like to come for dinner at my mom's next week?

Zoe chokes on her coffee. Marty's alarmed.

MARTY

You okay?

ZOE

You want me to come to dinner?

MARTY
Absolutely.

ZOE
Nobody's ever asked me that.

MARTY
Well, I'm asking now. What do you say?

Zoe smiles.

ZOE
I say yes.

MARTY
Awesome. I'd raise a glass, but the waitress hasn't paid me a visit yet...

Marty looks toward the general dining area.

MARTY
...waitress!

INT. MIKEY & SOFIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mikey and Sofia enter. Mikey plops down on the couch. Sofia heads straight to the bathroom.

Mikey lays his head back, stares at the ceiling.

MIKEY
So, when you gonna tell me the deal with Maria?

Sofia comes out of the bathroom, toothbrush in hand.

SOFIA
What deal? There's no deal.

Mikey turns around. Sofia goes back to brushing as she turns away from him.

MIKEY
So, this girl, who I've never known to date anyone but rich, pretty boy models, is suddenly interested in my brother? It seems off.

SOFIA

Well, I'm not gonna question it. Maybe she's sick of those types of guys and wants something real.

MIKEY

Yeah, but--

SOFIA

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, okay?

Sofia's obviously done with the conversation. Mikey can do nothing but turn back to his reclined position.

Sofia goes back to the bathroom.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marty slowly creeps through the kitchen, being careful not to make any noise.

He opens the fridge, searches, and finds what he wants. Orange juice. He takes a large gulp and puts it back.

He shuts the door, revealing Ma right next to him.

MA

It's late.

Marty jumps and clutches his chest.

MARTY

Whoa! Jeez!

MA

What's the matter you? You drunk?

MARTY

What? No, I'm not drunk. You just scared me.

Marty takes a seat at the table. Ma joins him.

MA

Where were you?

MARTY

Me, Mikey, and Sofia went to the club.

MA

Bah! The club. Nowhere to meet a nice girl.

MARTY

That's just it, Ma. I did meet a nice girl. I was surprised myself.

MA

This girl. She think you're a nice man?

MARTY

Yeah, I think so.

Ma smiles a small smile and taps the table.

MA

Good, then you call her tomorrow and ask her to be your wife.

Marty laughs.

MARTY

I just met her.

MA

So? That's not a good reason.

MARTY

Don't you think two people should get to know one another before going off and getting married?

MA

How long you talk to this girl?

MARTY

I don't know. A few hours.

MA

You see? That's longer than you father and I know each other before he propose.

Marty's shocked.

MARTY

No way.

MA

Yes. We met on our way to America. We talk for a few hours, and he asked me to marry him.

MARTY
Just like that?

MA
Just like that.

MARTY
And he just happened to have a ring
on him, did he?

MA
It was his mother's. As he left
for America, she give it to him and
say "You give this ring to the
prettiest girl in America". So, he
give it to me.

MARTY
Then what?

MA
We find a priest on the
boat. Little Irish man, smelled
like whiskey. He marry us. Then
we arrive in America and the rest
is, what's the word? History.

Marty shakes his head in disbelief.

MARTY
I can't believe I've never heard
this story before.

MA
It was...not the right time. Not
till now. You just listen to
me. If you like this girl and she
like you? You marry her.

MARTY
Okay, Ma, I'll remember that. By
the way, I invited her for dinner
next week. Hope that's okay.

Ma smiles.

MA
Sure. I look forward to it.

MARTY
Thanks, Ma. G'night.

Marty kisses her on the cheek and exits.

Ma looks to the sky, pleased. She crosses herself and mouths "thank you".

INT. MA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marty walks around, arranging things so they're just right. He seems a bit obsessive.

Mikey enters the room, watches Marty at work. He doesn't last long before chiming in.

MIKEY

What are you doing?

Marty freezes, tries to act nonchalant.

MARTY

Huh? Nothing. Just standing around. What are you up to?

MIKEY

I'm watching you fluff throw pillows like a freak. What's the big idea?

MARTY

Just wanna make sure everything's good. Something wrong with that?

MIKEY

Yeah, you don't do that. Just relax, would you?

MARTY

I'm just nervous.

MIKEY

Which is exactly my point. You said this girl doesn't make you nervous.

MARTY

She doesn't. It's just anticipating her arrival.

MIKEY

You gonna tell me who this girl is, or are we just going to refer to her as "this girl" and "she" all night?

MARTY

You'll find out soon enough.

The doorbell rings. Marty looks to Mikey, slightly tense. Mikey smiles.

MIKEY

You can relax now. Looks like the wait's over.

Marty takes a deep breath, then a few uppercuts to psyche himself up.

MIKEY

What the hell are you doing?

MARTY

Gettin' in the game. Like Rocky.

MIKEY

Just answer the door.

Marty nods, now full with confidence. He exits.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, DOORWAY - DAY

Marty looks through the peephole of the door, where he spots Larry, looking right back at him through the other end.

Marty's not happy, and he throws open the door. Larry jumps back, surprised.

Larry flashes a big grin, now on the job.

LARRY

Well, hey there, buddy. How you doing?

MARTY

What do you want?

LARRY

I'm here to set things right.

MARTY

What things?

LARRY

Your Dream Date experience. It's obvious you're not happy with what's gone down so far, and like I told you before, I'm gonna make it up to you.

MARTY

You wanna make it up to me? Leave me alone.

Marty goes to shut the door, but Larry's foot blocks it.

LARRY

I'm afraid I can't do that. It's all about customer service with Dream Dates. Your satisfaction is my number one priority.

MARTY

Yeah, I got that. You want my satisfaction? Beat it.

LARRY

Okay, okay. You want it quick and dirty. I can dig it. I got someone you might want to see.

This gets Marty's attention.

MARTY

Who?

Larry turns to his side like a model showcasing a brand new car, but quickly deflates when he sees nobody there.

MARTY

You want me to see my porch?

LARRY

No. She was just here.

Larry scans the area. He looks back to Marty, then sees what he's searching, seemingly behind Marty.

LARRY

There she is.

MARTY

Who?

Suddenly, a hand plants itself on Marty's shoulder. A pale, black fingernailed hand.

Marty looks at it in sheer terror, and quickly removes himself from its grasp.

In a flash, he's out on the porch next to Larry. He looks back inside, and there stands Raven, ominously staring.

RAVEN

Hello.

Marty points.

MARTY

Wha...what are you doing in my house?

LARRY

I asked her over.

MARTY

Why did you do that!

LARRY

Because I wanna fix things.

MARTY

You wanna fix things? Get her out of my house! How did you get in there anyway? I thought vampires couldn't come in unless they were invited.

RAVEN

That's a myth. Do not question that which you do not understand.

MARTY

What does that mean?

RAVEN

It means I came in through the looking glass.

Marty's reached his freak out limit.

MARTY

Ma! Ma!

Someone comes to the rescue, but it's not Ma. It's Mikey.

MIKEY

What's going on?

Mikey gives Raven a once over. Not impressed.

MIKEY

Is this your date?

MIKEY

Yeah. That's a bad call on my part.

MARTY

I'm going for a walk. A long walk. And when I get back, you two had better be gone.

Marty takes off down the street. Mikey calls out to him.

MIKEY

What about your date?

MARTY

Stall. I'll be back.

Marty zooms off, leaving Mikey with the two weirdos.

Larry tries to buy time, flashes a cheesy smile.

LARRY

So, how 'bout those Yankees?

MIKEY

You heard him. You gotta go.

Mikey shoos Larry away, but an attempt to escort Raven goes awry. She hisses, dead set on leaving on her own.

He watches her and Larry as they move down the porch and head off down the street.

He shuts the door, shaking his head in wonder.

MIKEY

Man, lotta crazies out there.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Sofia and Ma are busy putting dinner together.

Mikey enters.

SOFIA

What was going on out there? I heard shouting.

MIKEY

Don't worry about it. Just a big misunderstanding.

MA
Where's Marty?

MIKEY
He, uh, went to the store.

SOFIA
Why? We don't need anything.

MIKEY
I don't know. He just said he was
going to the store.

The doorbell rings.

MIKEY
I'll get it.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, DOORWAY - DAY

Mikey opens the door to find Maria. She looks spectacular,
dressed like she's ready for a night out.

MARIA
Hey Mike.

MIKEY
Hey Maria. You looking for Sofia?

MARIA
No, I'm here for dinner.

MIKEY
Dinner?

Mikey thinks for a moment, then it hits him.

MIKEY
Oh! You're Marty's date. Jeez, I
don't know why everybody had to
make it out like some big surprise.

MARIA
Big surprise?

MIKEY
Yeah, nobody wanted to tell me who
his date was. Weird. C'mon in.

Mikey steps to the side. Maria enters.

MARIA
Is Marty around?

MIKEY
He had to run away for a
minute. He'll be back.

MARIA
Run away?

MIKEY
Out. I mean out. He won't be
long. Sofia and Ma are in the
kitchen. C'mon.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Mikey and Maria enter the kitchen, greeted by smiles from Ma and Sofia.

SOFIA
Hey Maria.

MARIA
Hi.

MA
Is this Marty's date?

MIKEY
Yeah, Ma. This is Maria. She's a
friend of Sofia's.

Ma wipes her hands. Maria extends hers to shake, but Ma wastes no time and goes for the hug.

She squeezes tightly. Maria's caught a little off guard, but adjusts quickly enough.

MA
My Marty has told me all about you.

MARIA
Really?

Ma releases the embrace.

MA
Yes. He say you a nice girl. I
say he should marry you.

MARIA
I'm working on that.

Mikey looks to Sofia, who gives him a "See?" look. Mikey still seems cautious.

MA
Good. You call me Ma. You family now.

Maria's even more off guard now.

MARIA
Okay...Ma.

Ma smiles.

MA
Ah, that's nice. And you such a pretty girl too. My Marty is very lucky.

Sofia takes mock offense.

SOFIA
What about Michael?

MA
Yeah, he lucky too. Everybody getting lucky around here.

Mikey can't contain himself. He laughs.

MA
Why you laughing?

Mikey stammers. The doorbell rings.

MIKEY
I'll get it.

MARIA
No, let me. I wanna help.

Maria exits the kitchen. Ma smiles.

MA
Ah, that's nice. She already acting like a housewife.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, DOORWAY - DAY

Maria answers the door to find Zoe on the porch with a bottle of wine.

MARIA
Can I help you?

ZOE
I'm looking for Marty.

MARIA
And who may I say is calling?

ZOE
I'm Zoe. I'm his date.

MARIA
I'm sorry. I think you have the wrong house.

Maria attempts to shut the door and make a quick exit, but Zoe speaks up.

ZOE
This isn't Marty's house?

Maria looks inside the house. The coast is clear. She steps out onto the porch, shuts the door behind her.

MARIA
Look, I don't really know what's going on or what you think you're up to, but you're not having any date with Marty while I'm around.

Zoe is totally lost.

ZOE
Are you Marty's sister or something? Because if you're just being overprotective, I understand. I like Marty. I really do.

MARIA
So do I. That's why we're getting married.

Zoe deflates.

ZOE
Married?

MARIA

That's right. Now, if you'll excuse me, my fiance and I have a dinner date to get back to.

Maria goes back into the house without another word, leaving Zoe on the porch, heartbroken.

MARTY (O.S.)

You know, you really shouldn't be out here all alone like that. Some fat guy could come along and sweep you off your feet.

Zoe looks to a smiling Marty on the sidewalk, the sadness still plain as day on her face.

The smile on his face quickly disappears.

MARTY

What's the matter?

Zoe rushes down the steps, fighting back tears as she hands Marty the bottle of wine.

ZOE

Consider it an engagement present.

Marty looks at the bottle, then Zoe, not sure what's going on. She tries to sidestep him, but he blocks her path.

MARTY

Engagement present? I'm not engaged.

ZOE

Save it, Marty. I already heard all about it from your fiancée.

MARTY

What fiancée?

ZOE

And I thought you were one of the good guys.

Zoe gets around him this time. Marty stands just as clueless as he was a minute ago.

Zoe's heartbreak is contagious. Marty sulks up the steps into the house, the wine bottle hanging limp in his hand.

INT. MA'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Marty enters and is greeted by Ma, Mikey, and Sofia.

MIKEY

Good, you're back. Thought you were gonna ditch us for a minute there.

SOFIA

Nah, he wouldn't do that. Not with what he's got waiting for him.

MARTY

What? Dinner?

Ma studies Marty's gloomy expression.

MA

Now, Marty, what's the matter with you? That's no way to act when you got company.

MARTY

Company?

Maria enters with a large plate of pasta. She sets it on the table and gives Marty a peck on the cheek.

MARIA

Hi, Marty. It's good to see you.

MARTY

Uh, it's good to see you too. I wasn't expecting you to be here.

Mikey laughs.

MIKEY

This guy. Still can't get over the fact that a girl actually accepted a date with him.

MARTY

It's even more surprising when you factor in that I didn't ask her.

Mikey's smile disappears.

MIKEY

What do you mean you didn't ask her?

SOFIA
I asked her here.

MIKEY
Then who did you ask?

MARTY
The girl I met at the club last week.

MIKEY
The one that ditched you?

MARTY
She didn't ditch me. Everything just got mixed up for a bit. Now it's even worse. What I really want to know is who told her I was engaged.

Everyone explains suspicious glances. Maria caves.

MARIA
I did.

MARTY
Why would you do that? Do you realize how badly you've screwed things up for me?

MARIA
I think I did you a favor. You get a good look at her in the daylight? She's a three, maybe a four if she knew how to put on makeup.

MARTY
What gives you the right to interfere with somebody's life like that? What makes you so special?

Maria flaunts her attractive physique.

MARIA
Isn't it obvious? I just gave you a free upgrade. Now, you gonna marry me or not?

Maria extends her hand like she expects Marty to put a ring on it. Marty gestures toward the exit.

MARTY

Please leave.

Maria is taken aback by Marty's shunning.

MARIA

You seriously want me to leave?

MARTY

Yeah. Have a nice life.

Maria smiles at Marty like he's a fool.

MARIA

Alright, if you say so.

She looks to Sofia.

MARIA

Do I still get my money?

Sofia puts a finger over her mouth to shush her, but Mikey's got a question of his own.

MIKEY

Money for what?

Maria gestures toward Marty.

MARIA

For seducing him. You don't think a girl like me would date a guy like him for nothing, do you?

SOFIA

That's enough, Maria.

MARIA

No it's not. I do you a favor and this is the thanks I get? Like I'm not good enough for him? I wasted a lot of time and threw away a couple potential hookups waiting on this loser. I want my money.

Marty hits rock bottom emotionally.

Maria puts her hand out for cash, but ends up with a hot spit from Ma for her trouble.

MA

Nobody talk to my Marty that way.

MARIA

Gross!

MA

Out.

Maria rushes out of the house. The four stand in silence, with Mikey, Ma, and Marty looking to Sofia.

SOFIA

Marty, I--

MARTY

I don't want to hear it.

Marty leaves with the bottle in tow. And then there were three. Sofia isn't so quick to answer this time around.

Ma looks between Mikey and Sofia.

MA

I leave you two. You have much to talk about.

Ma exits. Mikey pleads.

MIKEY

Why, Sofia?

SOFIA

I didn't think there was any other way he'd get married.

MIKEY

You couldn't just introduce him to a nice girl and hope for the best?

SOFIA

What's the best? Sitting around for years, waiting for him to pop the question like I had to do with you? I couldn't go through that again.

MIKEY

So because you can't wait, you go and throw my brother under the bus? Do you really think this helps the cause? He's done, Sofia. He didn't want to do this in the first place, but he did, for us. And you betrayed him.

SOFIA

I--

MIKEY

You betrayed me. And that's just something I can't live with.

Mikey stands firm. This scares Sofia.

SOFIA

What are you saying?

Mikey grits his teeth, musters the courage to say what he has to say.

MIKEY

I think you should go.

Sofia can't fight back the tears.

SOFIA

I did it for us, Michael. I thought it would let us start our life together that much sooner.

MIKEY

Yeah, well unfortunately, you may have ended it before it even had a chance to start.

Mikey can't wait for her to leave anymore, exits himself.

Sofia falls to her knees. She sobs over her costly mistake.

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Neat and tidy, with nice taste in decoration, the modest apartment gives off a "homey" feel.

Zoe sits on the couch, her chin rests on her hand. She looks at the cell phone as it rings next to her.

She doesn't answer it, and looks like she's fighting to do so.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Marty sits on a bench under an oak tree, with a phone to his ear in one hand, a nearly empty wine bottle he liberally swigs from in the other.

He wipes his mouth with his sleeve after each drink, clearly a mess.

He hangs up the phone in aggravation.

The same young couple Marty saw at the bus stop the week before eyes him suspiciously as they walk past.

Marty notices, and his reaction isn't like the first time he saw them.

MARTY

What? You've never seen somebody
on a picnic before? Beat it!

The couple hurries along now. Marty calls out to him.

MARTY

She'll break your heart you stupid
bastard! Run while you can!

Marty drains the last of the wine from the bottle, tosses it into a nearby can. It rims in and out.

MARTY

Oh, so close. Just like everything
else in my life.

Marty gets up and properly disposes of the bottle. He spots Mikey walking toward him.

He ignores him, resuming his place on the bench.

Mikey takes a seat next to him.

MIKEY

Thought I'd find you here.

MARTY

What do you want?

MIKEY

Just wanted to see how you're
doing.

MARTY

Me? I'm just hunky dory. It's not
every day I get some stupid girl,
who I didn't even want anything to
do with in the first place, give me
the brush.

MIKEY

Don't let her get to you. She's nobody, and stupid for even saying those things to you.

MARTY

It's not what she said, it's what she did. Zoe doesn't want anything to do with me now cause she thinks me and Maria are engaged.

MIKEY

So tell her you're not.

MARTY

I did. She doesn't believe me. She won't even take my calls now.

MIKEY

Okay, well if she won't listen to you, maybe she'll listen to me. C'mon, let's go to her house and get this straightened out.

Mikey hops off the bench. Marty stays put.

MARTY

Forget it. I don't even know where she lives. I'm just gonna cut my losses while I can.

MIKEY

Damnit, Marty, you're not giving up on me now. Not after all we've gone through.

MARTY

I'm sorry, did I miss you going through something at some point? Did your life get ruined?

MIKEY

I just walked out on Sofia.

Marty can't believe his ears.

MARTY

You did what!

MIKEY

I walked out.

MARTY

For good?

MIKEY

I don't know yet.

MARTY

Jesus, how can you be so casual about it?

MIKEY

Cause, I don't like what she did to you. You're my brother.

MARTY

Well, yeah, but don't go throwing away what you've got over this. You need to work on that first.

MIKEY

Look, even if I want to fix it, I've got to fix your problem first. Remember Ma's little rule?

MARTY

Would you get off that already? Who cares about Ma's rule? Rules are made to be broken. Like how you're not supposed to pee in the shower, or get drunk on Tuesday afternoon. It's all B-S. You can't let--

Mikey raises a hand, cuts him off.

MIKEY

You like this girl, right?

MARTY

Yeah. She's the first girl I've ever felt totally comfortable being around. I don't have to worry about what I'm saying, or doing, or anything. It's weird.

MIKEY

The only thing weird about it is your refusal to fix it. You've found something that could be potentially great, and you're trying to piss it all away. Now

MIKEY
get your ass off that bench, we've
got a girl to find.

MARTY
You think it could be great?

MIKEY
If everything you told me is true,
I know it can.

Mikey gives Marty a determined look. Marty smiles.

MARTY
I think I know where to start our
search.

INT. DREAM DATES - DAY

Mikey stands off to the side while Marty clutches Larry by
the lapels.

LARRY
I can't. It's company policy. No
addresses unless it's a potential
match!

MARTY
Look, I already told you. I know
this girl. She likes me, I like
her. There's no potential about
it. It's a match.

LARRY
Well if you like each other so
much, why don't you have her
address already?

MARTY
It's complicated.

LARRY
I knew it! Stalker!

Marty shakes him. Hard.

MARTY
Give me the address or I'll rip
your spine out through your
asshole, asshole!

Marty continues his shake as Larry scrambles to get his hand
in his desk of index cards.

He grabs a piles and struggles to look through them.

LARRY
Stop shaking me! I can't read!

Marty lets go. Larry rummages through the cards until he finds the one he wants. He hands it to Marty.

LARRY
Here. Now we're all square.

MARTY
Oh no, that nonsense with the chick from Twilight at my house put you one more in the hole. You still owe me.

Larry sulks.

LARRY
Fine.

Mikey and Marty go to leave.

LARRY
What is it with that girl today? You're the second person that asked about her.

Marty stops.

MARTY
Second?

LARRY
Yeah. Some woman called earlier. She seemed really interested.

Marty looks to a deflated Mikey.

MIKEY
Dude, if we're going through all this for a lesbian, I'm gonna kill you.

MARTY
She's gotta at least be bi, right?

Mikey sees the logic. He holds out a fist.

MIKEY

Nice.

Marty bumps his fist and they're off.

LARRY

This matchmaking stuff is gonna get me killed.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mikey and Marty walk along. Marty jots on a small sheet of paper in between thoughts.

With a few last words, he raises the paper above his head in victory.

MARTY

Yes! Done.

MIKEY

What have you got?

MARTY

I wrote a song.

MIKEY

A song? You can't sing.

MARTY

I know. I'm hoping it's the thought that counts.

MIKEY

Lemme see that.

Marty gives Mikey the paper. He looks it over.

MIKEY

Dude, you didn't write this.

MARTY

You just watched me write it.

MIKEY

This is a Captain and Tennille song!

Marty realizes his error, shoves the paper in his pocket.

MARTY
Damn, I thought it sounded
familiar. What am I gonna do now?

MIKEY
I don't know, but we're here.

They look up at the large apartment building. Mikey spots something. The fire escape.

MIKEY
Check it out.

Mikey smiles. Marty's lost, but soon catches on.

MARTY
Oh no. I told you at the beginning
I wasn't letting you give me a
Pretty Woman makeover. I'm not
about to let you slip in the
ending. I'm not even afraid of
heights.

MIKEY
You're no fun.

MARTY
Let's just do this the easy
way. Up the stairs and a knock at
the door.

MIKEY
After you.

They head to the landing, attempt to enter the building, but it's locked.

MIKEY
Just ring the bell.

Marty turns toward the collection of doorbells, but they're nothing but a mess of exposed wires. Definitely not functional.

Marty, flustered, walks down the steps and shouts up toward Zoe's apartment on the third floor.

MARTY
Zoe! Zoe!

He waits. No answer. Mikey joins him.

MIKEY

Maybe she's not home.

MARTY

She's home. She's gotta be.

MIKEY

Well, I think your down to your last bullet, Doc Holliday.

Marty's confused by Mikey's statement, but it's all made clear when Mikey nods at exactly what he's talking about. The fire escape.

Marty shakes his head with vigor.

MARTY

No. No way.

MIKEY

It's the only way, Marty. The door's locked, the bells are broken, and she's not answering your calls. You gotta take the climb my man.

MARTY

What if I just go to a pay phone and call her?

MIKEY

Where's the romance in that? You want that girl, you make the climb.

Marty looks up at Zoe's apartment, so nervous it may as well be Mount Everest. He looks back to Mikey.

MIKEY

Do it. Do it.

Marty claps his hands together in determination.

MARTY

I'll do it!

Marty runs full speed at the fire escape, pulls the ladder down so he can start his ascent.

Mikey cheers him on from afar.

MIKEY

Pace yourself. You don't want to run out of gas too early.

Marty flashes a thumbs up, gets to the steps portion, and starts his climb. He moves at rapid pace.

He heads up the landing at breakneck pace. As he rounds the second landing, his physique catches up with him. He's winded, and his pace quickly slows as he slogs onward.

He reaches Zoe's window on the third floor. Sweat drips, breaths heave. Marty looks like he just ran a marathon.

He reaches up, knocks on the window with the little bit of strength he has.

A moment later, Zoe appears. Marty spots her and musters a smile through the exhaustion.

He places his hands on his knees. Zoe opens the window.

ZOE

Marty. What are you doing here?

MARTY

(out of breath)

I had to see you. I have to fix this.

ZOE

Marty--

Marty raises a hand, cuts her off.

MARTY

Please. Just let me talk.

ZOE

Do you want to come in?

Marty nods and Zoe steps out of the way to allow his entry. It's slow going, but he eventually makes it in.

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Zoe shuts the window. Marty crashes onto the couch.

MARTY

Sorry. That's just a lot of climbing.

ZOE

You know, you could've just rang the doorbell.

MARTY

What? That hot mess of wires by your front door? Trust me, those things ain't working.

ZOE

That's the old doorbell. The new one's on the other wall.

MARTY

Oh.

The doorbell rings.

ZOE

See?

Zoe goes to the intercom near the door, presses a button.

ZOE

Who is it?

MIKEY (V.O.)

It's Mikey. I'm Marty's brother. He didn't have a heart attack and die on you did he?

ZOE

No, he's okay.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Can I come up?

ZOE

Sure.

Zoe presses the buzzer, turns back to Marty.

ZOE

So.

The doorbell rings again. Zoe rolls her eyes, presses the button on the intercom again.

ZOE

Who is it?

SOFIA

Uh, yeah, you don't know me, but I was hoping to talk to you about Marty. I'm his future sister in law.

Marty sits up, fully revitalized.

MARTY

Sofia?

Zoe hits the buzzer, turns back one more time.

ZOE

Looks like my place is pretty busy today.

MARTY

Sorry.

ZOE

It's alright. I don't get too many visitors.

A knock at the door.

ZOE

Come in.

The door opens and Mikey enters.

MIKEY

Hi. I'm Mikey.

ZOE

Zoe.

The two shake hands.

MIKEY

You two have your talk yet?

ZOE

Not yet.

MARTY

Well, if people would stop ringing the damn doorbell, I might be able to say something.

MIKEY

What are you talking about? I rang it once.

Another knock.

ZOE

Come in.

Sofia enters, much to the surprise of Mikey.

MIKEY

You! You're the other person that got the address!

SOFIA

What's wrong with you?

Mikey freaks out.

MIKEY

I just left you and you're already shacking up with some other chick? What the hell is wrong with you?

SOFIA

Shacking up? I came over here to try and fix things you idiot!

They calm down.

MIKEY

You did?

SOFIA

Well, not me totally. I just came along to help.

Sofia opens the door all the way to reveal Ma, who steps into the apartment.

Everyone takes an available seat. Marty looks to Ma.

MARTY

What are you doing here, Ma?

MA

I come to help you.

MARTY

You didn't have to do that.

MA

Then what do I do? Let you roam the streets all night and fall into a wine bottle?

MARTY

No, Ma. You can let me handle my problems on my own.

Ma stands back, mouth agape.

MA

Okay, Mister smart man. You go. Fix it all yourself.

Marty waves everyone into the seating area.

MARTY

Why doesn't everyone just sit down.

Everyone moves to an open seat, with Zoe right next to Marty.

Marty moves in close to her.

MARTY

I'm sorry, Zoe.

ZOE

You don't have anything to apologize for, Marty. I'm sorry for overreacting. Guess I still haven't let my guard down, huh?

MARTY

Well, hopefully what I'm about to do will drop that guard for good.

Marty gets up and takes a knee in front of Zoe. A collective gasp fills the room.

He reaches into his pocket, slowly. Zoe stares, wide-eyed.

ZOE

What are you doing, Marty?

MARTY

I'm doing what I need to do. This is going to make everything right.

Marty eases his hand out. All eyes are on it. It's just a piece of paper.

Sofia sighs in disappointment.

SOFIA

Oh, man.

Marty clears his throat and looks at the paper.

MARTY

*Love, love will keep us together,
think of me babe whenever, some
sweet talking guy comes along,*

MARTY
*singing his song, don't mess around
 you got to be strong, just stop,
 cause I really love you, stop, I'll
 be thinking of you, look in my
 heart and let love, keep us
 together.*

Marty finishes the final note and looks around at the stunned crowd.

MARTY
 That's all I got.

MIKEY
 That's plenty.

MARTY
 Hey, I just wanted to do something romantic.

SOFIA
 I was really hoping for a ring.

Marty responds to her statement, but looks at Zoe.

MARTY
 Let's just take it slow, okay? I think you and I can have something great.

ZOE
 I know we can, Marty. You're the first guy I've ever felt totally comfortable being around.

MARTY
 I feel the same when I'm around you.

They smile.

MARTY
 So, everything's okay? We can give it a shot and see where it takes us?

Zoe nods, and the two of them share a deep long kiss.

It's their very first one, and has all the makings for them to remember it for a very long time.

Ma turns away in slight embarrassment.

Mikey looks to Sofia.

MIKEY

You hear that? They're gonna take it easy and see where it goes. You think you can handle that?

Sofia moves in close to Mikey, she looks up at him.

SOFIA

After you left, I knew how badly I had screwed up, and I realized that the only thing that matters is that you and I are together. Everything else can wait.

MIKEY

You sure?

SOFIA

Yes. I love you, Michael.

MIKEY

I love you too.

Mikey and Sofia share a kiss of their own.

Marty can hear the lip smacking going on behind him, and breaks his kiss with Zoe with a laugh.

MARTY

Okay, there's just something thoroughly wrong with us making out in front of Ma.

MA

Bah! You think me and you father never make out? How you think you came along?

MARTY

Okay, there's a mental image I'll never be able to shake.

Zoe laughs. Ma taps her on the shoulder to get her attention.

MA

You call me Ma. We family now. And this time, I mean it.

Zoe smiles, now feeling truly accepted. No hesitation at all in her response. It's genuine.

ZOE

Okay, Ma.

MARTY

Alright, I'm starved. Who's hungry?

Everyone agrees with Marty's sentiment.

MARTY

Good, then let's eat. I'm buying.

FADE OUT:

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Marty and Mikey stand and eat food from paper plates under a large tree.

They're both dressed in suits, obviously at a semi-formal party.

MARTY

You know, I didn't get to say it to you before, but congratulations. Sofia's a real catch.

Mikey looks to Sofia, decked out in a nice, yet not too formal wedding dress. Perfect for this setting.

MIKEY

And congratulations to you as well.

Marty looks to Zoe, decked out in a wedding dress of her own.

MIKEY

Zoe looks absolutely gorgeous. I bet Ma never thought things would work out this way.

MARTY

Hey, she got her wish. I said "I do" first.

MIKEY

Yeah, by about thirty seconds.

MARTY

Well, if she's got no issue with it, neither do I.

They share a laugh as Larry walks up.

LARRY

Congratulations, guys. Really nice affair you got here. Thanks for the invite.

MARTY

No, thank you for setting it up.

LARRY

I still owed you one, right? And besides, it's not me you have to thank, it's your bridesmaid.

Larry motions for someone to come over and Raven appears, only she doesn't look like what we're used to.

She's wears a light blue dress, and a ray of happiness exudes from her.

RAVEN

Hello! I hope you're having a good time. A wedding beneath the Tree of Love is truly a blessing, filled with rainbows and puppy dogs!

MARTY

You can chill out on the act a little bit, Raven.

Raven is shocked.

RAVEN

Act? What act? And who is this Raven you speak of? My name is Sunshine.

MARTY

Ma's not around. She's over there dancing with my cousins Peter and Paulie.

Marty gestures toward Ma, who's a ways away and engaged in a hearty dance with two younger men, PETER and PAULIE.

Raven's gleeful demeanor vanishes. She points ominously to the ground at Marty's feet.

RAVEN

Someone died...right where you're standing.

MARTY

Okay, who wants cake?

Larry shoots his hand up.

LARRY

I do!

MARTY

Alright, let's head on over then, shall we?

Marty takes Raven under his arm and leads the group toward the cake. He speaks softly to her.

MARTY

You take care of that other thing?

Raven nods.

RAVEN

Yes. Tonight, near the witching hour, your wish will be fulfilled. I have my best man on it.

MARTY

Sweet.

INT. CLUB STARDUST - NIGHT

Maria slow dances with a dark and handsome late twenties gentleman, COSTA.

He has a suave demeanor, and she's really into him.

MARIA

I've never met anyone like you before, Costa.

COSTA

That is because there are not many of us left, but if you'd like, you could join me. I can open your eyes to another dimension of

COSTA
ecstasy and perception. Be my
wife, Maria.

Maria is taken aback, but Costa hits her with his secret
move. "The Stare". She melts instantly.

MARIA
I accept!

COSTA
Then we must seal it, with a kiss.

Maria shuts her eyes and puckers up.

COSTA
No, not there.

Maria opens her eyes, just in time to spot Costa "going
downtown". She smiles.

MARIA
You think we should be doing that
here?

A moment later, her eyes go wide. She screams.

EXT. CLUB STARDUST - NIGHT

Marty, Zoe, Mikey, and Sofia sit in a car, smiling at
Maria's scream as it echoes outside.

Marty spots Raven outside the club's entrance. She gives a
thumbs up.

MARTY
Mission accomplished.

Marty's cell phone rings. He answers it.

MARTY
Hello? Oh, hey Ma. Everything
okay? Yeah, we're all
here. Alright, hold on.

Marty punches a button on the phone, turning it to speaker.

MARTY
Go ahead, Ma.

MA (V.O.)
I know you going away on honeymoon,
but I have to tell you something.

MIKEY
What is it, Ma?

MA (V.O.)
Well, you know what happen when
young married couples go away on
honeymoon, yes?

Marty covers the phone with his hand.

MARTY
Is she giving us the birds and the
bees talk?

Marty chuckles and removes his hand.

MA (V.O.)
Well?

Mikey and Marty exchange stupefied glances. Zoe chimes in.

ZOE
They make grandbabies, Ma?

Ma laughs. Zoe and Sofia share a devious smile.

MA (V.O.)
Right, Zoe, they make
grandbabies. That's what I want to
talk about.

A moment of silence. The two couples looking around at each other. Nobody knows what's coming.

MA (V.O.)
Marty and Zoe are the first couple
married, so they should have the
first baby.

The silence morphs into horrified screaming. Not again!

FADE OUT.

THE END